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A N

Occasional SATYR.

Halton (C. H.) K.

*Si quis atro me Dente petiverit
Scilicet inultus flebo ut Puer ?*

Horace.

*At fœda, atq; ignominiosa sit Deditio, tamen ea Charitas est Fa-
milie, ut tam. Ignominiâ eam quàm morte nostrâ si opus sit con-
servemus ;*

*Subeatur ergo illa quantacunque est Indignitas, & pariatur Necessi-
tati quam nè Dii quidem superant.*

Livy.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. JACKSON, in Pallmall, near St. James's ; and
Sold by J. PEELE, at Locke's Head, in Pater-noster Row.

M.DCC.XXV.

(Price Sixpence.)

Occasional SATYR.

Si quis ante me Dente perierit
Scilicet inultus seps in Puer?

Horace

At feda, atq; ignominiosa sit Deditio, tamen ea Charitas est Pa-
trialis, ut tam Ignominia cum quibus morte nosse se opus sit con-
servemus;
Suberat ergo illa quantacunque est Indignitas, & periorum Necesse
est quum ne Di quidem Imperatores



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Jackson, in Pall-mall, near St. James's; and
Sold by J. PEAR, at Locke's Head, in Water-lane, near
St. Dunstons Church.

(Price Sixpence)



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Lord WALDGRAVE.

My LORD,

N Action not unlike what Juvenal mentions in his 13th Satyr, gave Occasion to the following Lines: They were mostly written at the Time of the late memorable Scene of Iniquity; but why I now publish a private Amusement, I can't so well account for, unless it be that thereby I would avoid the Imputation of being altogether Indolent and Idle. I will not however persist so far as to convert my Occupations into a Grievance.

To attempt, as I have herein, to extol the Wisdom and Virtues of some Men, and to expose the Folly and Vices of others, is a Province of some Difficulty and Danger.

Many will grow Angry, few Approve of it.

So that notwithstanding I hope to have observ'd all Rules of Decency on each Side and Subject, yet is it requisite to enter a Caveat against the false Interpretation to which any Part may be strain'd and distorted.

Universal Satyr against Mankind, against either Sex, any Order or Society of Men, must doubtless proceed from a great Malignity of Mind, from a Heart addicted to Injuries, and incapable of Benefits. No Success can atone for the Inhumanity of it.

It is a sort of Massacre, in which the Innocent are equally involved with the Guilty.

But this is not the present Case.

I have made no Invective against any Powers, any Profession among Men.

I have only exclaim'd against the Abuse and Prostitution of them.

What

DEDICATION.

What I chiefly desire is, that no spleenatick Person, in an Easterly Wind, when I speak of a Coxcomb, wou'd suspect that I mean him.

That no Sycophant, in his aukward Courtship, when I speak of a Villain, would insinuate that I mean his Patron.

And that no sober-minded Clergy-man, when I speak of Priest-Craft, would affirm that I mean the Christian-Faith.

Let those who make the malicious Application, answer for the Scandal.

And let my innocent Censure pass unclaim'd of any one.

But there is great Difficulty yet to come, how shall I get over it?

'Tis true indeed, neither was Augustus displeas'd with Horace, nor Lewis XIV. with Boileau, when each of them saw their Divine Praises intermix'd with the various Follies of other Men; but I have just Cause to apprehend, that my Zeal and Duty may not be so well received by a Prince greater than were either of the former.

For alas! How far do Zeal and Duty fall short of Ingenuity and Politeness!

Forgiveness is All I have to expect.

Musick and Poetry, My Lord, are so nearly related, that I promise myself when you have the one so much at Heart, you will not entirely reject the other. To make serious Verse is, I know, much out of Fashion; I hope your Lordship will excuse the Employment in one, whom you have favour'd with a continual Friendship, and who has an inviolable Respect for you.

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient, Faithful,

Humble Servant,

Henry Charles Hatton.

ERRAT. Pag. 8. l. 6. *Instead of Great Venus Thou! read, Ruler of Hearts.*

A N



A N

Occasional SATYR.



I S granted, Sir, you've basely been accus'd,
 Wrong'd in your Fortune, in your Fame abus'd;
 But why that Countenance of ceaseless Grief?
 Why fond of Woe, and froward to Relief?

Partake the Comfort of an harmless Mind,
 Be just to All, and to Yourself a Friend.

Yet in the Morning of my Days distress'd,
 By Men unfriended, and by Gods unblest'd,
 What shall I hope? what compass? what decline?
 How shall I make the Post of Honour mine?
 Oh! how I long to reach the fair Retreat
 Of fruitful Knowledge, and there fix my Seat,
 Far in the solemn Shades of antient Woods,
 Amidst the Circles of unnumber'd Floods,

High

High on the Brow of a stupendous Hill,
 Nature's supreme Delights serenely dwell;
 There Seasons change not, but superior Grace,
 In just Confusion, blends their doubtful Race:
 There, cheerful Beams of ever-dawning Light,
 Revive, but not inebriate the Sight.
 Truth undisturb'd frequents those arduous Skies,
 And veils her Lustre from unhallow'd Eyes:
 But to the select Searcher of her Mind,
 Th' Indulgent Goddess bids the Mountain bend;
 The Thickets open, and the Streams retire,
 And all her various Mysteries appear.
 There sacred Solitude keeps awful State,
 And peaceful Silence, and mild Order wait;
 Nor spreads black Calumny her Poison there,
 Nor waketh Jealousy, nor watcheth Care,
 Nor pineth Love, o'er-burden'd with Despair:
 Nature presides, no multitude of Gods,
 Hoary Religion venerably nods,
 Useless her brazen Trumpets, and her iron Rods:
 The Remnant of my Life there let me waste,
 In no vain Study, no incurious Rest.
 I pity from my Soul mistaken Men,
 Who Power's Prec'pice climb, and scorn the Plain;
 Whom Lust of Lucre, or of Glory, brings
 From calm Retirement, to the Courts of Kings.
 To the Mind's Eye, how fair the Prospect seems,
 What lofty Visions? and what gawdy Dreams?
 How shines the Morning, when the Fav'rite smiles,
 Darting his Sun-beams, spreading all his Toils?

To-morrow comes Preferment; but e'er Night,
 Rude Winds inform the unexperienc'd Wight,
 In what a troubled Sea of various Strife,
 Labours his helpless Bark of dubious Life:
 Who ventures with the Vessels of the Great,
 A Partner only of their adverse Fate;
 Entangled in a Maze of Hopes and Fears,
 He swears to trust no more, he falsely swears,
 And fondly joins his Perjury to theirs,
 Thus stands the Account; Patrons, with wond'rous joy,
 Smile to deceive, and flatter to destroy.
 Clients thro' vain-imagin'd Honours run,
 And persevere in Pride to be undone;
 Tending Projection of the Chymick Stone.
 Example never made the wretched Wise,
 'Tis Ruin's Priv'lege Error to expose;
 The luckless Youth, whom CLOE now detains
 With all her Arts, thus struggles in her Chains,
 By turns thus triumphs, thus by turns complains;
 Wishing her Beauties or her Crimes were less,
 Or that he did not doat to such Excess,
 But that her Crimes her Beauties might efface.
 He knows her Treach'ry, but he knows her Charms,
 Pleasure and Pain cohabit in her Arms;
 Lull'd in th' Inchantment of her panting Breast,
 Vainly secure, he dreams of lasting Rest;
 Doom'd to embrace a Cloud, of Shadows boast,
 And meet Destruction on a Faithless Coast;
 To perish like a Martyr in the Flame,
 And dying blest his dearest Idol's Name.

Happy the Man who with considerate Eyes,
 The teachful Shipwreck of his Friend enjoys;
 He not from late Repentance knowledge reaps,
 The Cheat of Life thro' all its glossy Shapes,
 And hideous Evils early he escapes,
 The Sharper's Courtesy, the Harlot's Kiss,
 The Gripe of Usurers, and the Wits Grimace;
 Unpractis'd Innocence or to deceive,
 Or artful Ostentation to believe
 Alike averse; he ponders in his Mind,
 Vices and Vanities of every kind:
 Conscious of Inborn Worth, he sternly quits
 The solemn Herd of Holy Hypocrites,
 Who sullen Pride for Piety mistake,
 And all their Merit of Ill-nature make;
 They love the Temple, and the Priest maintain,
 But hate their Neighbour, and their Children damn:
 Assur'd of Heaven, they term their Anger, Zeal,
 And wing Devotion with the Blasts of Hell.
 These, and the num'rous Family of such,
 Who Perform nothing, and who Promise much,
 He lets intoxicate in Power and Fraud,
 Till Justice manifest their Shame abroad;
 He nor to Custom will his Sense submit,
 Nor to Opinion sublimiate his Wit,
 Till Man's sole Guide, thro' the World's wand'ring way,
 Leaves him in Darkness, or false Light to stray;
 Self-exil'd he retreats, himself to mend,
 To study Nature and regard his End.

Thus **WYCHERLEY** and **CONGREVE** thus retir'd,
 Belov'd, unrival'd, undeprav'd, admir'd,
 Hon'ring the Pimp, Buffoon, and Parasite,
 With full Possessions of the Rooms of State,
 Where Folly's favour'd, Villany prefer'd,
 And patient Merit never found Reward :
 Unweary'd Merit is a bold Pretence
 To blameless Honour, and unerring Sense ;
 It breeds Suspicion, like Excess of Love,
 Which in despair to reach, we scorn & approve.
 In vain *Corinna* softens all her Charms,
 Circling *Alcidor* in her waxen Arms :
 In vain she passes thro' the observing Crowd,
 Tho' Fair, yet Chaste ; tho' Witty, yet not Proud :
 Why must *Corinna* in Disgrace be sent
 From the gay World ? *Corinna's* Innocent.
 What then ? *Alcidor* knows he's Impotent ;
 Her winning Smiles he deems insidious Lust,
 Judging what he performs not, *Milo* must :
 Thus all th' Oblig'd, th' Ungrateful, and the Great,
 Injure the Just, and then the Injur'd hate ;
 Dext'rous to make your Duty an Offence,
 And punish what they cannot recompence :
 To need no Pardon, scandalizes Power,
 Their Vices ruin some, their Virtues mote :
 When the *True-Briton* labours in the Cause
 Of Heaven-born Liberty, and sacred Laws,
 He treads the Path each honest *Roman* went,
 Of painful Death, or endless Banishment ;

In vain he watches in the Realm's Defence,
 Nor robs the People, nor betrays the Prince;
 Sudden he falls a splendid Sacrifice,
 To City-Tumults, or a Court-Device;
 But thou ! indulgent Parent of this Land,
 Great *Venus* ! Thou ! the dawning Age defend,
 From antient Guilt ; Thou ! instant Wrath suspend :
 For Him, just Power, who to the *British* Name,
 Restores domestick Faith, and foreign Fame ;
 For Him unmindful of Applause, provide,
 A lasting Boon of *British* Gratitude :
 And gracious, Oh ! accept this homely Verse,
 Nor skill'd to praise, nor study'd to asperse,
 There are who prostitute the sacred Choir,
 Who barter Incense for inglorious Hire ;
 There are whom Pride or Luxury misleads,
 Some Flatt'ry cloaths, and some Detraction feeds ;
 The free-will'd Muse delights in equal Lays,
 Abhorring envious Arts, or abject Ways ;
 She knows no Patron but the Nation's Choice,
 And forms her Numbers to the publick Voice ;
 She courts no Favour, no Displeasure fears,
 In search of Fame, yet decently she dares,
 Soothing Domestick in Poetick Cares,
 Of various Evil, latent Seeds to find,
 To purge the Clay, and cultivate the Mind,
 Be hers : nor think, you Busy, and you Vain,
 The Task ignoble, or the Profit mean ;
 Hence 'tis we learn in Storms to be sedate,
 Firm in our Course, and equal to our Fate ;

Whilst

Whilst Avarice, Revenge, Ambition, Lust,
 Involve your Views as Whirlwinds do the Dust,
 Fruitless you strive with Insolence and Wit;
 To be styl'd Happy, for you're only Great;
 Cov'ring foul Actions with a fair Disguise,
 You shun plain Language, and confide in Lyes;
 You Sneer with Coxcombs, and with Fools look Wise.
 So *Fulvia* may enjoy her furrow'd Face,
 By the false Glare of the Prismatic Glass;
 When senseless Sots without Distinction paint,
Clodius may be a Patriot or a Saint;
 Giants you seem a-while, yet prove but Elves,
 For soon or late, all Men must know themselves:
 But He, the upright Man, whose Counsels tend
 To guide the State, and serve no private End,
 Who wrongs no Enemy, forgets no Friend;
 He scorns Concealment of each midnight Deed,
 And must alone from Blindness not succeed.
 'Tis His the venal Homage to refuse,
 But not the Record of the faithful Muse;
 Unblemish'd Virtue never did disdain,
 The Vocal Lyre, or the Historic Pen.
 When did a CHURCHILL or an HYDE deny
 The glowing Pencil, and the Sharp'ned Eye?
 True Beauty brightens when a KNELLER Draws,
 Daring the boldest Lines, and strictest Laws;
 Nor was in former Times the Gift of Verse
 Esteem'd the Warrior's, or the Courtier's Curse:
 SYDNEY, ELIZA sung, nor sung unheard,
 To hostile Realms she sent the gentle Bard;

Gracious entrusting to his matchless Flame,
 Her instant Fortune, and her future Fame.
 With civil Speech inspir'd, with Prowess arm'd,
 Compass'd with Wisdom, and with Glory warm'd,
 Young A S T R O P H E L forsook th' *Arcadian* Plain,
 To succour the Distress'd, and humble *Spain*.

And if this virtuous Age can patient hear,
 Of Rapine, Murder, Sacrilege, Despair;
Cromwell, like S A U L, when Horror fill'd his Breast,
 Listen'd to W A L L E R, and his Horror ceas'd:
 Ill-fated Man! thy Country's Pride and Shame,
 Let all avoid, but none insult thy Fame.

Immortal W I L L I A M, who for Justice warr'd,
 Who scorn'd Oppression, guilty Triumphs fear'd;
 W I L L I A M has deign'd to lay his Thunder down,
 When M O N T A G U with Bays adorn'd his Crown:
 Be Grateful, *Britons*! choicest Flowers bestow,
 On the fair Tomb of T U D O R and N A S S A U;
 But not with Grief your Equity disgrace,
 Or once lament their unprolific Race,
 Since *Europe's* Fate, and *Albion's* Vows combine
 To fix Dominion in the B R U N S W I C K Line;
 Him Present, who protects your wealthy Coast,
 Him bless for ever, Him for ever boast;
 Him full of peaceful Years, and fair Renown,
 Him shall at length succeed his Godlike Son,
 And *Albion* weep no more a vacant Throne.
 Be seen then, *Albion*! like the blooming Maid,
 Whom pensive Parents to the Altar lead;

With

With decent Care, and with becoming Love,
 Filial to leave, and Bridal Joys to prove ;
 Heroes and Beauties shall exalt thy Praise,
 And stretch thy Empire to the Last of Days :
 What Heav'n to ANNA'S Piety deny'd,
 Great CAROLINA'S Bounty has supply'd.
 Thoughts, whither wou'd ye soar ? such Theme disdains
 Your weaker Wing, and mocks your eager Pains ;
 Unpolish'd Notes offend the courtly Ear,
 No Criticks are so Rigid as the Fair ;
 To rustick Truth implacably severe :
 Apter the un-ambitious Muse attends,
 On your Benignity, propitious Friends !
 In whom commences Life, in whom it ends :
 Ye Guardian Spirits, whatsoe'er ye be,
 If Ministers of dread Necessity,
 Or casual Shades ! for Heaven has darken'd Fate,
 And wrap'd in anxious Doubt the human State ;
 Yet not refuse me now your kindly Aid,
 My Eyes t' illuminate, my Steps to guide :
 No stubborn Habits shall perplex my way,
 Dispute your Dictates, or resist your Sway ;
 Far from my Heart remove the hateful Seeds
 Of crooked Counsels, and injurious Deeds ;
 Remove Contention, Anger, and Complaint,
 Loud Arrogance, and lowring Discontent :
 Let gentle Peace salute the Dawn of Light,
 And crimeless Love compose the Noon of Night ;
 Let Life elusive, thro' the toilsome Race,
 Steal to its viewless Verge with silent Pace ;

Let

Let Time's short Offspring in a pathless Shade,
 Flourish unenvy'd, and un pity'd fade :
 But if some Storm of Mis'ry must infest
 The patient Inmate of my watchful Breast;
 If some tumultuous Elements of Woe,
 Must urge me Hapless on some Rock below,
 Let All--- but irksome Guilt, and endless Shame,
 All human Evils--- but an Evil Fame,
 Shower sudden Rage, or slow Destruction spread,
 Wasting their Darts on my regardless Head ;
 Let dull Diseases, and afflictive Pain,
 Each Joint enervate, and extend each Vein :
 But let not prosp'rous, let not adyerse Skies,
 Provoke mean Sorrow, or imperious Joys.
 Lead me reluctant, Tutelary Power !
 To mournful Triumphs none e'er wish'd before ;
 Yet lead me Constant to successless Love,
 Let each persuasive Sound forget to move ;
 Let the dear Object of my fervent Vow,
 O'ercast my Hopes with a disdainful Brow,
 Let her Heart-piercing Eyes for ever turn
 From my Petition in relentless Scorn ;
 Yet in this Visitation of Despair,
 This doubtful Combat, Tryal too severe,
 Submissive to your providential Care :
 Mysterious Guides ! my Soul shall not repine,
 Nor my Lips murmur at your Will divine,
 Guard me but ever from the dreadful Curse
 Of foul Ingratitude, and keen Remorse,
 Let not my wounded Memory ever know,
 A fest'ring Faith, or violated Vow ;
 Avert such Crime, absolve but such Intent,
 Doom as ye please, Reward or Punishment,
 Let me be Wretched, but be Innocent.

F I N I S.